

That Brother of Mine.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the doors with a slam,
And before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"
Who is it that whistles so loudly,
As he works at some tangle of twine
That will send his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.
Who is it that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
Button to sew on in a hurry,
A sail to be made for a boat?
Who is it that keeps in my basket
His marbles and long fishing-line,
And expects, undisturbed, there to find them?
No one else but that brother of mine.
Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain,
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistles some head-splitting strain?
Who is it that when he is trying
To be just as still as he can,
Always most terribly noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

GRANNY'S TIRED.

I noticed the wretched woman as she
hobbled along the street with a
n, frail child supporting her. They
seemed fit objects for charity,
as I turned to look after them I
heard the child say:
"Dear old granny. It is quite a
distance yet, and you are so tired.
I am strong; let me help you all
an.
"Poor little waif! was my mental
clamation. She does not look as if
she had eaten a square meal for a
year, and yet she is strong.
I watched them until they disap-
peared in the ever restless throng of
great city, and then, rousing my-
self, I hastened on to my office.
For some reason I could not work
that afternoon, and after vainly try-
ing to do so for an hour I closed my
eyes and went out for a mouthful of
air. Lighting a cigar I wandered idly
along, scarcely noticing the direction
steps were taking me.
Suddenly I halted in surprise, for,
in a quiet spot just off the busy street
I observed the little waif whose
words were yet echoing in my
ears. She was playing quietly about
the stone steps on which sat the old
woman, her head resting against an
pillar, and her eyes closed.
As I approached, the little girl
looked up, making a cautioning ges-
ture.
"Please, mister, don't make a noise!
I'm nattered."
"What are you doing here, little one?"
I asked as kindly as possible.
"I'm just waiting while granny
rests a bit. Granny's tired, and she
can't go further till she got rested
up."
"Something about the appearance of
that old woman made me touch her on
the shoulder and peer closely into her
face. Then I started back, ut-
tering an exclamation of surprise and
horror.
"She was dead."

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suf-
fered from catarrh for twelve years, experi-
encing the nauseating dropping in the throat
prior to that disease, and nose bleed al-
most daily. I tried various remedies without
effect until last April, when I saw Ely's
Balm advertised in the Boston Budget
and purchased a bottle, and since the first days
I have had no more bleeding, the soreness
has gone—D. G. Davidson, with the
Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Jour-

at the earth is breathing, that
all buildings upon its surface are
continually moved to and fro,
the masts of a ship upon an
island, at present facts which have
been proved but little recognition states
senior John Milne in "Nature." In
countries only are earthquakes of
great frequency to make them
of attention. But there are
movements that are being ex-
perienced at all times and in all lands,
continents being surfaces with a
rotation that is always changing.
These movements that are now to
be studied by physicists. In Germany
upon a tide-like movement, too
to be produced by lunar attrac-
tion has been observed, the ground
gently tilted every twenty-four
(more at night than by day),
buildings and chimneys slightly
like stalks of corn in a steady
tilt. It is suggested that in Japan
movement may be due to the
sliding and shutting of the crumpled
forming a range of mountains.
Among the other movements of our
earth are the microseismic or
tidal storms, which are defined as
at waves like those of an ocean
and the bending effect produc-
ed in certain districts by changes of
atmospheric pressure. There are
waves from distant earthquakes,
are appreciable to the senses
only a few hundred miles, but
may extend around the world.

Our friends who have taken Hood's
Pills will think of it, and there-
fore be positive in its favor. Simply what
Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story.
Sarsaparilla has been cured of indiges-
tion, dyspepsia, another finds it indispen-
sable for sick headache or biliousness, while
report remarkable cures of scrofula,
rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL AND THE WASHERWOMEN.

Jowett's brevity of speech and des-
patch of business never shone more
than on the great occasion of his deal-
ing with the refractory washerwomen
of Balliol. These worthy dames struck
for higher wage in one department.
Twelve collars for a shilling was, I
believe, the statutory price. They
came to interview the master.
"The washerwomen have come to
see you," said the butler.
"Show the ladies up," said the mas-
ter. They clumped into the room to
find him fiddling with the poker at
the ashes in the grate. He turned
round. "Will you wash twelve col-
lars for a shilling they began to ex-
postulate. He touched the bell: in
came the butler. "Show the ladies
down."
Presently the butler appeared again.
"They seem very sorry, sir,—would
like to see you again."
"Show them up." The washerwo-
men found the master intent, as be-
fore, on the fire-grate. "Will you
wash twelve collars for a shilling?"
piped his cheery little voice. A stal-
wart speaker began to make explana-
tions. He touched the bell. "Show
these ladies down," said he; and down
they went. Again the butler ex-
pressed a hope that he would see
them. "Certainly: show them up." They
entered the room. "Will you
wash twelve collars for a shilling?"
"We will," they cried. "Thank you:
good day, good day," said the master;
and, touching the bell, he said, "Knight,
show these ladies down." And the
strike was over.

LA GRIPPE.—A physician who has
just passed through an attack of this
distressing disease thus writes to a
friend in New York: "Did you ever
have this infernal disease that they
call the gripe? If not, don't. I have
been through it for the last six weeks,
and am ready to give my friends the
benefit of my experience. It is cer-
tainly the most diabolical malady that
ever got out of Pandora's box. If the
old girl has anything worse in re-
serve, I trust she will keep the lid of
her Saratoga safely locked, and then
kindly sit on it. Sneezes, freeze to
death, burn up, have your energy
sapped, let all the clouds of heaven
lower over your head, get on familiar
terms with all the blue devils that
ever escaped by volcanic exit from
equatorial eternity—do all this and
keep it up for six weeks, and then
you can intelligently listen to a
lecture on la gripe. Cerebration be-
comes altogether of the too conscious
sort for literary work."

QUEER PHENOMENA.

I am unable to say who first noticed
the peculiar caprices of a stone or
other heavy body dropped from the
top of a high tower, but it is never-
theless a curious fact that such bodies
invariably fall slightly to the east of
the perpendicular lines.
Persons of inquiring turn of mind
who ask why this is as it may find
an answer in the following:
All falling bodies partake of the
earth's eastward motion to a greater
or less extent. Therefore during the
time occupied by a stone in falling
from the top of a high tower or other
eminence the earth's rotary motion
has carried it an appreciable distance
to the east. The initial impetus of
the stone has carried it an apprecia-
ble distance to the eastward also,
therefore it strikes the earth to the
east of the perpendicular, varying in
degree according to the height from
which it has fallen.
A curious article on this subject may
be found in the *Leipsic Zeitung* of May
9, 1886, page 3.

A country doctor in the north of
Ireland, was driving down a narrow
lane on the way to visit a patient,
when he espied an old woman in the
middle of the road picking up some
pieces of turf which had evidently
fallen from some passing cart. Pull-
ing his horse up to prevent running
over her, he said, rather sharply:
"Women and donkeys are always
in the way."
"Shure, sir," said the indignant
woman, as she stepped to one side,
"I'm glad you've the manners to put
yourself last."

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JUST FOR FUN.

About this time the lightning rod
man and the hen are laying for the
farmer.
Ah, Mr. Grumpsey, I hope I see you
well. If you don't you had better
consult an oculist.
It is no wonder that a workingman
who spends twenty-five cents a day
for beer finds it difficult to keep his
head above water.
I am about scared to death. I hear
that the anarchists have sworn to kill
me. What shall I do? Get a position
in a bath house.
Miss Primlips—When you say your
prayers at night, do you pray for all
men? Miss Lef over—No, indeed!
Just one would be enough.
Old Brown is dead. I'm not sur-
prised. More than forty years ago he
told a girl if she refused him he would
die, and she did refuse him.
I like my eggs billed hard said he,
An cider, hard as hard can be,
But times and work that's hard
b'gosh!
Is what don't suit your Uncle Josh.
She—I wouldn't marry you if you
were worth \$100,000. He—Under
those circumstances, Miss Homele-
rich, I don't think I would ask you.
"Papa," said Jimmieboy, after he
had inspected the new baby's hand,
"this boy hasn't anything but little
fingers on his hands—is that right?"
Mrs. Cawker (quoting)—Half the
world doesn't know how the other
half lives. Mr. Cawker—It ought to
join your sewing society and find out.
"I say, Charles, foot-ball must have
been the foundation of the old Greek
games!" "I don't know that. Why?"
"Because they call them the Olympian
games."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Doctor—Well, my friend, what
seems to be the trouble with you?
Grogan—Shure, doctor, there's some-
thing the trouble wid me jaw, I can't
domesticate my food.

I swear by those tall elms in yonder
park he commenced, but she inter-
rupted him. Swear not by them she
said imploringly. Why not? Because
those trees are slippery elms, she said.
What is that big iron thing? asked
Laura. Locomotive boiler, said Tom.
Laura looked thoughtful. After a
moment's silence she asked: Why do
they boil locomotives? To make them
tender.

Have you anything to say before
we eat you? said the king of the can-
nibal isles to a Boston Missionary. I
have, was the reply. I want to talk
to you a while on the advantages of a
vegetarian diet.

It is all very well for a minister to
preach from the text "Remember
Lot's wife," said an overworked, dis-
couraged matron, but I wish he would
now give us an encouraging sermon
on the wife's lot."

How did your son do at college last
year, Mrs. Wilkins? Very well indeed.
He did so finely as a freshman that he
got an encore. A what? An encore.
The faculty have requested him to
repeat the year.

The husband—You're not econom-
ical. The wife—Well, if you don't
call a woman economical who saves
her wedding dress for a possible sec-
ond marriage I'd like to know what
you think economy is?

Friend. So you think English will
become the universal language? Phi-
losopher. Unquestionably. There are
already in it 250,000 words mostly
from other languages, and it won't
take long to add the rest.

A gentleman was passing an exam-
ination in physics. He was asked:
What planets were known to the an-
cients? Well, sir he responded, there
were Venus and Jupiter, and (after a
pause) I think the earth, but I am not
quite certain.

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others.
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TWENTY NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE CONNECTICUT - - GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

JANUARY 1st, 1894.		
Assets January 1, 1893, yt cost,		#2,227,194 47
Premiums,	\$350,568 48	
Interest and Rents,	115,411 84	\$465,980 36
		#2,693,164 83
DISBURSEMENTS IN YEAR 1893.		
Death Claims,	\$50,550 00	
Matured endowments,	33,214 88	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	75,776 71	
Dividends,	31,369 14	
Re Insurance,	4,780 34	
Taxes,	354 75	
Legal expenses	4,287 85	
Medical Examiners' Fees,	57,127 04	
Commissions to Agents	17,570 20	
Salaries of officers and Employees	10,783 30	
General Expenses,	1,675 20	
Profit and Loss,		291,512 41
		#2,401,652 42
ASSETS JANUARY 1st, 1894.		
Cash on hand and in bank,	\$17,138 18	
Bonds and Stocks, at cost,	411,068 78	
Mortgage Loans,	1,822,646 81	
Collateral Loans,	45,000 13	
Real Estate owned by Company at cost,	322,077 07	
Premium Notes on Policies in Force,	31,316 64	
Bills Receivable,	905 10	
Agents' Balances,	805 36	
		\$2,511,692 42
Ledger Assets,		
Add Interest due and accrued,	\$60,000 00	
Premiums deferred and outstanding (less cost of collection),	54,476 08	
Excess of market value of Bonds and stocks, above cost,	24,801 22	\$139,282 69
Gross Assets, January 1, 1894,		\$2,651,491 11
LIABILITIES.		
Death Losses, awaiting proof,	\$12,640 00	
Endowments matured, but not presented for payment,	15,902 80	
Premiums paid in advance,	1,320 79	
Insurance Reserve, Conn. and Mass. standard,	1,000,044 00	
Contingent reserve, for possible depreciation in value of real estate,	52,510 28	\$2,002,518 37
Surplus of policy holders,		\$689,972 64
GHAS. GRAVES, Agent,		
D. M. CAMP, " "		
C. P. EWINS, " "		
G. H. SMALLEY, Gen'l. Agent,		
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